

OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued).

"Of course I do. I'm naturally of a benevolent disposition. I remember once I gave a little beggar girl a quarter of a mince pie, and then made her give me a half one instead. That was to pay me for my generosity, you know. Come, take hold of my hand."

"Thank you. I do not need your help," he answered, coldly. "If you can speak truth to me after the danger I have been in—"

"Yes, it was awful!" she exclaimed with a shuddering shudder. "dreadful! There the wounded hero lay panting and exhausted in the middle of a trout brook, with his exhausted head resting on a stone, and his eyes closed as if he were dead."

"Miss Fulton, you are impatient!" cried St. Cyril, making his way to the shore, "impatient and unkind. If I have met with an accident—"

"Oh, I do hope you haven't spoiled your patient looks!" cried Helen, in a tone of great anxiety. "I should be positively distressed to think of it! They had such sweetly pointed toes, and such charming heels! Why, bless me if the man hasn't taken off and left me alone in my glory! Didn't I touch his fine old English blood, though?" and Helen rode feverishly toward the Rock, singing snatches of merry songs, and snipping off the young buds from the bushes as she passed.

As for Guy St. Cyril, he went home in a rage. He had never loved before, and now to be treated in this way by a mere girl was a little too much. He determined to leave the Rock the very next day, and forget that Helen Fulton had ever existed. He hated her, he said, secretly; to be sure he did! The little minx! And half an hour later the little minx found him sitting very forlornly out on the cliffs, looking at the sea. She stole up to him.

"Are you expecting your ship to come in from over the sea?" she asked, archly.

"I am expecting nothing, Miss Fulton."

"Oh, indeed! What a nice, reasonable young man. You quite remind me of my grandfather."

"I presume it is of little consequence of whom I remind you, Miss Fulton, since I leave here to-morrow."

"Don't! Well, of all things! How we shall miss you! Who'll bring me flowers to put on Quito now, I wonder?"

He had grown very red and angry; he rose up quickly to leave her. Helen put her hand on his arm and looked into his face.

"Mr. St. Cyril, I am sorry I am impatient this morning, and won't you please not to go away?"

He was conquered at once, his face softened, he caught her hand to his lips, but she slipped it away, and darted off to the house.

CHAPTER XVI.

AGNES WENT down to the jail frequently to visit Lynde Graham. Her brother knew it, and offered no objections. The poor girl bore such evident marks of sorrow that he could not find it in his heart to say anything that would make her more wretched. And she seemed to derive some little comfort from these visits, and as they were, she and Lynde understood each other now. No word of love had ever been spoken between them, but she knew that he loved her.

One day Helen insisted on accompanying her to the prison. Agnes was hardly willing, but Helen would not be denied, and the two girls went in together.

After a little desultory conversation between Lynde and Agnes, Helen, who had been busily engaged in looking about the cell, came and stood before Dr. Graham.

"Well," she said deliberately, "did you murder Marina Trenholme?"

"No, I did not," he replied.

"Then who did?"

He colored scarlet and evinced more confusion than Agnes had ever before seen him do.

"How should I know?"

"Because I think you do," answered Helen, promptly. "I've always thought you knew who did the deed, but I've never thought you did it yourself."

"Thank you for your good opinion."

"And that means you won't tell me."

"There is nothing to tell."

"Ah! It is breaking one of the ten commandments to lie, Mr. Lynde Graham."

"I try to be resigned, Miss Fulton," he said, gravely. "If it is God's will that I shall die—"

"But it was never God's will that an innocent man should be hanged while the real criminal goes at large!" she answered, excitedly. "and to think you might save yourself if you could!"

"Let us drop the subject, if you please."

"And what if I don't please? It's no use to deny that you know who did this murder! I can read it in your eyes. If you did not see the deed committed, you are morally certain whose hands are stained with blood! But if you prefer to die rather than speak out, we must let you have your own way; only I do hope you'll not feel too much disappointment if before the twenty-fifth of June, the day your reprieve expires, the real murderer should be discovered."

He started up, pale and distraught, and laid a nervous hand on her arm.

"Miss Fulton!" he exclaimed, "what do you know? What?"

"I know nothing," she said, buttoning her gloves coolly. "I'm going away now. This cell would give me the rheumatism in an hour more. I wish you good-by, Dr. Graham. Come Aggie, dear."

Agnes had been greatly pained by the turn Helen had given to the conversation, but she knew the girl's warm heart too well to think for a moment that she had designed to be unfeeling.

That evening after they had gone to the little parlor they had in common, and Agnes had seated herself, looking so pale, and worn, and distressed, Helen sat down on a low stool at her feet and folded her arms over her lap.

"Agnes, dear," she said, coaxingly, "if I were you I wouldn't fret about that Lynde Graham."

Agnes burst into tears.

"O Helen! Only two little weeks more, and he is to die! When I think of it, it seems as if I shall go mad!"

Helen rose and stood behind her chair, holding the wet face to her bosom, and smoothing tenderly the soft hair.

"O Helen! Helen! how can you joke so dreadfully? Only think if you were just in my place!"

"I would not like it. I've no taste for melancholy. I don't like to cry. It makes my nose red, and swells my eyelids."

A few days afterward Helen was out in the garden looking at the syringas which were just bursting into flower. She stood a little in the shadow, and Imogene Trenholme passing hurriedly down the path did not perceive her, something in the expression of Mrs. Trenholme's face struck the girl, and she followed cautiously along, in the shade of the shrubbery. At the extremity of the garden there was a great oak, and in it a hollow scooped out by the hand of decay. Imogene looked searchingly around her, then drawing from her bosom a folded paper, she dropped it into the hollow, and hastily retraced her steps.

"Now, young lady," said Helen to herself, "it's your duty to see to this post-office that is established without the sanction of your Uncle Samuel. And going to the tree she withdrew the paper. It was not sealed, and was merely a slip bearing these words:

"In the Haunted Chamber, at Eleven To-night."

"So ho!" mused Helen. "It's an appointment with the ghost, by all that's good and bad! Well, I never! If it was a gentleman's ghost I should suspect Mrs. Imogene of infidelity. But there's something behind this, Helen Fulton, and it's your duty to watch till you see it. You're kept here at this house for Heaven only knows what, but you'd better not be caught napping. And you must not go into the house until you see who takes this precious bit of paper, will you?"

She refolded the paper and returned it to the hollow. Then wrapping her shawl around her, she crouched down behind some tall lilac bushes and waited. Twilight had already fallen, and it was soon quite dark. A stealthy footstep crunched the gravel. Helen peeped through the leaves, and saw a man remove the paper, and conceal it in his bosom. She caught her breath quickly.

"It is just as I thought!" she said.

"The man with two fingers missing from the right hand. I think to speak along, which, as nobody is hearing me, will be perfectly proper. I think I smell a mouse. At eleven o'clock to-night, I shall be there."

And gathering a handful of blossoms to excuse her absence Helen hurried into the house.

CHAPTER XVII.

PRECISELY AT 10 o'clock Helen Fulton stood at the door of the haunted chamber. The door was locked, but the key was on the outside. The girl entered, shut the door, without locking it, and put the key in her pocket. Her pretty face wore a look of care that did not alone there. She was a shade paler than usual, and the eastern lines about her mouth looked as if she had made up her mind to do a desperate thing. She put a small writing-desk on a shelf in the closet, and after satisfying herself that there was no one in the room, she took from her dress the pistol with which

Mr. Trenholme had intended to shoot Quito, and examined it carefully. Then she put out the candle she had brought with her, and concealed herself behind the bed-curtains.

How long the time seemed until the clock in the hall chimed eleven! Everything was still. The family had retired early, out of courtesy to a gentleman who was journeying to the East—a friend of Ralph's—and who was fatigued with traveling. By-and-by Helen heard the handle of the door turn. Then a light burst through the darkness, and peering through the folds of the curtain, the adventurous girl saw that the intruder was Imogene Trenholme. She was very pale, and there were great dark circles around her eyes—those fearfully brilliant eyes, that glittered with an almost supernatural lustre. She stood in an expectant attitude—her eyes fixed on the east window. And directly there was a rustling among the vine leaves outside, the window was softly raised, and a man entered.

"You are punctual," he said, in a low, hoarse voice. "I am glad to find you so."

"Yes, I am punctual, but I have only three hundred dollars."

"Only three hundred? I told you I must have five hundred!"

"I know it, but this was the best I could do."

"But I cannot do with less than five hundred!" he said, fiercely. "You'll have to do a little different, madam, or you'll get shown up in a way you won't like!"

"Have a little mercy!" she said, piteously. Heaven knows I have resorted to every means in my power to keep you supplied. I have not bought a new thing for more than a year!"

"So much the better! Women do not need the gimcracks with which they have a fancy for adorning themselves. Two hundred dollars! By heaven! I've a great mind to peach and have done with it!"

"Don't talk so!" she cried, seizing his arm. "You frighten me! I have suffered fearfully! My punishment is greater than I can bear! There are times when it seems as if I must tell the whole, or go mad!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FULMINE OF MERCURY.

The Powerful Explosive Used in the Bomb Made by the Anarchists.

Fulminate of mercury, which is used by European anarchists in the manufacture of their bombs, is one of the most treacherous and powerful explosives known to science, says the New York World. Heretofore it has been employed in percussion caps and as a detonator for nitro-glycerin preparations. It explodes when subjected to a slight shock or to heat and not a few expert chemists since its English inventor, Howard, have been seriously injured or killed while preparing or experimenting with it.

In France some years ago the celebrated chemist, Barruel, was manipulating this dangerous product in a heavy agate mortar when his attention was suddenly attracted and he let the pestle down with a little less care than ordinary. The explosion which followed literally blew the mortar to dust, and it tore Barruel's hand from his wrist. Another distinguished chemist, Belot, was blinded and had both hands torn off while experimenting with fulminate of mercury. Justin Leroy, a French expert in the manufacture of explosives was one day engaged in experimenting with this compound in a damp state, in which condition it was supposed to be harmless. It exploded with such force, however, that nothing of Mr. Leroy that was recognizable could afterward be found.

An English chemist named Hennell, while manufacturing a shell for military use, into the composition of which fulminate of mercury entered, was also blown literally to atoms, and the fragments of the building where he was conducting his experiments were scattered for hundreds of feet in every direction.

Girls Fined for a Kiss.

A New York city dispatch says that, one night not long ago Cosmas Drescher was out late. He decided to go home without an escort. He is good looking and well dressed, but so modest in his deportment that he thought if he walked quickly he would be safe from molestation. At Allen and Livingston streets stood four pretty girls. Wrapping his coat around him he tried to hurry past without being noticed.

"Ah, there!" said one of the girls. Drescher screamed and ran. The girls gave chase and surrounded him.

"Ain't Le pretty?" said one.

Then two of them deliberately kissed him. He struggled and fought, but could not escape, and his silk hat was smashed. The unfortunate man yelled and a heartless police officer arrested the four beauties.

"They're what's called the new women," explained the officer to the judge, the next morning. "They stand on the corner and insult respectable men. We've had many complaints from mothers."

"What do you want me to do?" asked the magistrate, addressing the plaintiff.

"Do you wish me to hold these prisoners to await the result of your injuries?"

Everyone roared with laughter.

"No," said Drescher, "what I'm after is protection. Just because I'm good-looking I'm annoyed continually by pretty girls. I want an example made of these persons."

"It is certainly a fine state of affairs when a respectable young man cannot walk the streets of New York without being publicly kissed by a girl," said the court. "To anyone who has sons of his own," he added, "this case particularly appeals."

The girls denied their guilt with great emphasis. The court believed the plaintiff and fined each of them \$2.

IN MY LADY'S CORNER.

INTERESTING READING FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS.

Carroll Notes of the Modes and Pictures of Feminine Attire—The Craze for Belts—A Countess' Exploit—Some Timely Recipes.



HE stores seem once more with buyers! Now, however, they are not in search of gifts, but bargains. And the bargains are to be had. Silks can be bought at half-price and the wise woman lays in a stock for next summer. Now, too, is a good opportunity to buy school dresses for the little ones.

Those bought for them at the beginning of the term are rather shabby and new ones must be secured. Rough goods, boucles, camel's hair, chevrons, are best for cold days and should be of some bright coloring. These dresses are attimes trimmed with fur, while no gown is complete without a bit of velvet somewhere about it.

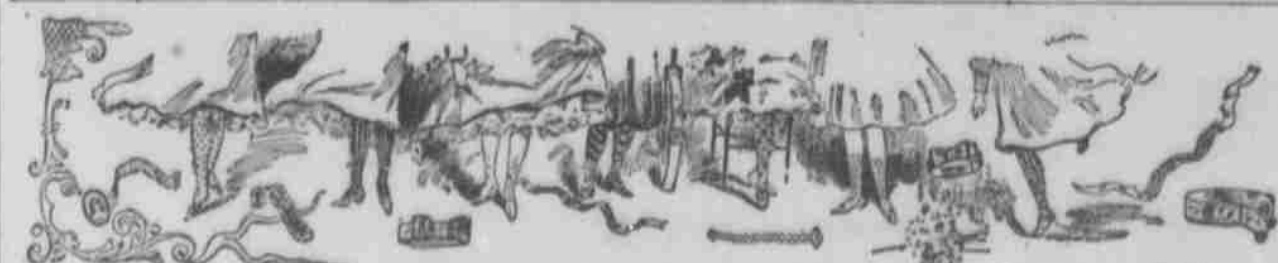
A frock for a girl of 7, of red and brown boucle, has a plain, full skirt.

taken deep root as an evening gown adjunct, and a very fetching finish they make usually.

A chic, fairy-like frock for a young debutante, which she is to wear at a big social function in Washington, whether the family are going to the season's gayety, was seen several days ago. The skirt was simply and severely made of crisp white satin, run through with dull blue stripes, which shone through the gauzy overskirt of sheeny white mousseline de sole, laid smoothly over it from waist to foot, where it was finished by a deep hem-stitched hem. There was a tiny baby blouse, with the mousseline de sole pouching freely over a broad belt of filigree gold which encircled the waist. It was cut in a square fashion about the shoulders and finished by a "harness" of turquoise, pearls, and gold, fitting smoothly over the shoulders and falling down to the waist in loose, tab ends. The sleeves are baby puffs of plain dull-blue de sole, thickly studded with gold-rimmed turquoise. Altogether it was a simple, girlish frock, but wonderfully lovely.

A Countess' Exploit.

A young and attractive woman in Paris, who is said to be a countess, proposes to go from Marseilles to Paris in a balloon with a lion as her companion. She is what they call in France a "domptresse," this translated into



GARTERS, STOCKINGS AND SUCH—THE NEWEST.

The yoke is of red velvet and the boucle blouse beneath it has a band of red velvet down the center of the front and back. On these bands are double rows of tiny pearl buttons. The large puffed sleeves have revers of boucle falling over them. Alaska sable edges the revers and a velvet belt encircles the waist.

Another frock for an older girl, is of a blue and cream mixed goods. The skirt is plain, as in the other dress, and the round waist is tight-fitting. Two

English meanings a "lady lion tamer," and this extraordinary performance is to be for the benefit of the sick soldiers who have survived the Madagascar expedition. It is by no means certain, however, that she will be able to make this unique trip. A few nights ago she had a dangerous adventure in her wild beast cage. She had scarcely closed the door when Taar, the most savage and ferocious lion of the lot, sprang at her and clawed her in the breast and arms. A panic ensued in

Auntie—An old-fashioned remedy for a cold is flaxseed lemonade. Take one pint of water, two small teaspoonfuls of the seed, juice of two lemons and sweeten to taste. This should be used for drinking.

Consomme—Take two pounds of lean beef and a knuckle of veal; cut the meat into small pieces. Put two ounces of butter in a frying-pan, and set over the fire to brown; add the meat and stir for five minutes. Turn into a soup kettle; cover and let simmer for one-half hour; pour over one-half gallon of cold water, and boil four hours. Add one carrot, one onion, one stalk of celery, chopped fine.

Common seashore sand will greatly improve the appearance of old velvet and remove all the dust. Sprinkle the velvet with the fine sand and then brush until none remains, always brushing the pile in the wrong way.

One Tiny Streak of Black.

Few women stop to think what they would look like without the aid of black material in their costumes. Many of the new swell frocks would be minus their finishing touches. A young woman who is something of an artist and who lays great stress on the beauty of her gowns, designed by herself, went to a celebrated designer for a gown, but told the great man very decidedly that she did not wish so much as a speck of black upon it. "Very well," said he, and no black was used. In due time the gown was finished and sent to her hotel. The result was far from satisfactory. "What ails it?" she asked her friends. No one could tell, but all pronounced it flat and lacking in chic. In great wrath the lady took the gown back.

"It has no style," she declared. "Very true, but if you will allow me to follow my own tastes, I will please madam," said the designer.

The gown was for a big dinner, and was made up of brilliant rose, pale pink and silver brocaded in soft tones, with no decoration save its own richness. When the lady again received her gown it had a tiny edging of black ostrich trimming on the edge of the revers and a handsomely cut girde of jet ornamented the waist.

A handsome street gown of a clear, soft prune colored boucle is handsomely decorated with chinchilla fur and black satin. The skirt is extravagantly wide, and has about the foot some distance apart broad bands of the fur. The bodice is snugly fitted and slashed open from the shoulder to belt to show an under vest of black satin. A narrow

row belt of black encircles the waist. The sleeves are mandolin shaped like the bodice, from shoulder to elbow, to show an under part of black satin. Chinchilla edges the wrists. A small cape collar, of prune cloth, edged with fur, flares jauntily about the throat, which is finished by an unusually high stock collar, edged with narrow fur.

There is a craze for big, high-backed chairs that were fashionable in England long ago. They do not show any woodwork. They can scarcely be called graceful, but the lines are said to be

slashes in the front of the waist reveal cream silk and blue velvet forms collar and belt.—The Latest, in Chicago News.

Current Craze for Belts.

To Yvette Guilbert we owe the present craze for metal belts and feminine

harness of all descriptions, combining all the glitter and splendor of the orient. Here the tall, slender, willowy girl considers herself decidedly at an advantage, but in the general opinion she is not half so fascinating as the petite, round-waisted girl, with her pretty waist caught around with a narrow, glittering belt. This "harness" had



SUNDAY MORNING.

menagerie, and a rush was made for the entrance, but the brave countess stood her ground unflinching and managed to beat the lion off. Then she straightened herself up and made Taar go through his usual performance. The panic was allayed and the spectators began to wildly applaud the courageous woman. Undissuaded by this adventure she insists that she will give her balloon performance at an early date with the same lion that attacked her. Yet she is but a new hand at lion taming. She began to exhibit herself with wild animals in a Parisian music hall, and went from there to Lyons, thence to Marseilles. She is not appearing under her family name.

To Clear the Complexion.

L. E. M. asks if washing the face in hot water every night and applying cold cream will cause hair to grow on the face. Also give some way to soften and whiten the skin. Answer: The use of hot water and cold cream is not likely to cause the face to become disfigured with hair. Still it may do so; or if there is a natural tendency that way, it may be increased by such means. Keeping the skin perfectly clean is one of the very best things that can possibly be done. Then rub into it some delicate preparation like rose water and glycerine.

High-Backed Chairs.

There is a craze for big, high-backed chairs that were fashionable in England long ago. They do not show any woodwork. They can scarcely be called graceful, but the lines are said to be



row belt of black encircles the waist.

The sleeves are mandolin shaped like the bodice, from shoulder to elbow, to show an under part of black satin. Chinchilla edges the wrists. A small cape collar, of prune cloth, edged with fur, flares jauntily about the throat, which is finished by an unusually high stock collar, edged with narrow fur.